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# Mary's Blood

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ANNE MARIE MACARI

*Mary's Blood*

It was Mary's blood made him, her blood  
sieved through meaty placenta to feed him,  
grow him, though Luke wrote she was no more  
than the cup he was planted in, a virgin  
no man ever pressed against or urged  
who could barely catch eyes with the towering  
angel but felt God come to her like light  
through glass, like a fingerprint left on glass;  
still, it's hard to believe she never wanted  
to be rid of the thing inside her, wasn't  
shamed carrying him, the child's  
perfect head pointing at the ground  
and rubbing her cervix like the round earth  
rubbing the thin wall of the sky that holds it.  
All women reach the time of wanting it out  
but not wanting it out, not knowing  
what's coming, so she must have spread  
her legs in anguish because what was inside  
pressing her membranes for release  
was both herself and a stranger;  
and she must have clenched her teeth  
trying not to yell, small head  
crowning, splitting her, her pelvis swung  
wide to push him through the wall  
of this world, till what came from her  
was a child lit with her own gore,  
soiled, everything open so her inside  
was now outside, cracked open, it means  
mother to crack open, to be rent  
by what comes to replace her. Such  
is love—the only way. It was Mary's  
blood made him: his eyes, tongue,

his penis, her milk fattened his legs,  
made hair on the crown of his head,  
she grew caul to wrap him and door  
to come through and nothing, not even  
crying *Father, Father*, to the warped  
blue sky can change it.